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intro

Hello! I just want to say a few things before starting! Thanks to all my friends who wanted me to make this! And if your wondering yes i made the cover art it has my signature. and I will keep updateing my story enjoy! *also this story is an original*

Warnings!: this story has mentions of c.s.a, death, mentions of blood, war etc. if your not comfortable with those things its best not to read this.

Also there are NO ships in this book or will be in future books. So, sorry *I just don't ship country's*Also there will NEVER EVER be smut,lemon or lime etc! Or any gross things besides mentions of blood like I listed in the warnings.

Also! *sorry* there will be a TINY bit of swearing in at least ONE chapter and that chapter is chapter nine, I'm trying to keep this book clean though-

This is my first book so, sorry if its cringy. I might make a remake of this though, this is book one so more is coming! :)

chapter 1 problems

America was in his bed, he got awoken by his bed side clock. Then it hit him he had a meeting today. America groaned he said "five more minutes" pulling the covers up by his head. "RING!!! gah!" America said as the shock of the loud noise woke him up *again*. America groggily got up, he stretched, but he also sighed. America thought "do i really have to go?" the other side of his mind said "**you don't have to. Just say your sick.**" America thought about this "nice try me but I have, to otherwise people will question me all day if I don't." America lazily got dressed he simply put on a white tie and black suit.

a few hours later america walked out of the airport and yawned and got into the limo he had ordered online to pick him up. About 10 minutes later America got out and tipped the driver 10k, which to America's surprise hugged him and left. "Well that was weird." He thought.

As America entered U.N said " your ten minutes late." America said "it was traffic." he was tired of having to always explain himself. America sat down and put his chin on his hand all he heard was "yap yap yapity yap" America hated meeting it was ALWAYS arguing and occasionally fights. *which were the only exciting thing about meetings*

He also strangely almost always got headaches. America was slowly drifted off to sleep *which would be bad* but then he heard a buzzing almost ringing sound in his head or ear it sounded like this "hmmmmmmmmmm."

America was slowly getting annoyed by it, a sharp pain split through his head causing him to wince. The painful ringing kept up In volume "hmmm Hmmmm

HMMMMMMMMMMM" America clutched his head as he did so, he heard someone trying to ask him a question. Eventually they left,by now the volume had sky rocketed to an unbearable level. In an effort to stop this painful noise he slammed his head into the table *he did this twice* and then he slammed his head AGAIN. Blood slowly dripped from his forehead ,america, still clutching his head ,left the meeting. He could sense eyes looking at him, ...judging him.

chapter 2 pained dreams

After a painful flight back, he made it back to his house. "Ugh. THAT was the worst meeting I've had. **told you.** Well I didnt think this meeting would be *so* bad. **well you see what happens when you go to meetings? Your better off not going.** Well...I guess your right...but I still have to go." America flopped on his bed "*sigh"* America thought "maybe sleep will help" but then he remembered "I still have that cut on my head." So reluctantly he got up and cleaned his wound. He wrapped gauze around it and left the bathroom. After he got THAT out of the way he thought "im tired... sleep should help..." but little did America know that heading to bed would be the fatal mistake that would start **all** his problems...

America found himself in a black room "just like my eyes.." he thought seeing the total darkness. He heard a voice ."America....America.." America had an uneasy feeling. "W-what do you want? justice" it whispered. Then it revealed itself it was a figure confusing and terrifying, he *the person* had a gunshot wound in his head. " you...left...me...." America stared, confusion showing on his face "what do you m-mean?"

Then a terrible memory came back . Him, America left the other person lying on the ground asking for help. But back then, before America was as arrogant and headstrong as he was now , before ,he was...a coward.

"see America you L.E.F.T him ...and others too"

More and more people came out, one man had a spear sticking out of his body, most likely from the America Revolution. Another with a knifes sticking out of his body, a horrible sight. America was overwhelmed. Hot tears pricked his eyes. "Im sorry.. I'm so so sorry..." More and more people came. More and more guilt filled Americas soul. How had he forgotten about this?.... Then the first person said "you left me...to **die**...why...why?" America was crying "im-im Sorry!"

"see America? It's your fault...YOU are the person who's a monster..."

America was basically sobbing by now, he was so overwhelmed and confused but out of all of those... he was guilty... then the people started there sad cry's like "why ?Weren't we friends?... Why did you leave me at the last minute?"... But the last one broke his heart "America...America don't you remember me? Have you already forgotten?..." America turned to see a figure ,the first person he saw in his dream the person he saw was...his cousin...Mark. America shook his head "no..no! I'm so...So sorry.." America closed his eyes hoping he would disappear if he did ,America opened his eyes again to see Mark. Mark spoke "but how many times can you say that"...?

America woke up sobbing. He clutched his knees, telling himself that was just a dream...but another part of him told him it wasn't.

---

wow 466 words not too impressive but still. Hi guys! Ill keep you updated on when the next part will come out . Hope you've enjoyed it so far :D - frostbite_2013

Chapter 3 finding his way

America got told that they were going to have a series of meetings .*which already as you can tell America was NOT excited about this * America groaned inwardly ,he thought . "All the other country's will stare at me like crazy if I even dare go back." He already knew what was coming. As America boarded his flight he had a lot of time to think up some excuses.

----------a few hours later----------

America had gotten into the limo with the strange man who hugged him, driving in front. The man in the front spoke first "I just wanted to say thank you for that generous tip, and my name is **Mark.**"

America froze , he knew that name, that name was from... America didn't want to think about it. "Sir?" the man said. America hoped his voice wouldn't betray him. "Oh- yes I'm fine ,sorry, just thinking... also your welcome about the tip."Thankfully Americas voice sounded fine. *Other* Mark smiled and nodded. America got out of the limo, said bye and when Mark had driven off , America did a heavy sigh.

America checked into his room, and sighed *for the 47 time*

America had a meeting tomorrow and a world of problems would come with it. As America sat down he heard that strange voice again... or was it just his imagination? "**hello, you seem....stressed.**" America sat up, he was confused about who this was. "**Your probably wondering who I am, call me... c.p.r .**

Cardiopulmonary resuscitation? **What- no just call me that.** Ok" America paused

"also how did you know what i was thinking?"

"because im apart of YOU." America paused, "How?" The voice didnt answer. "Hm... strange."

America REALLY didn't want to go to bed but... it was so tempting, but unless he wanted those... horrible dreams then he had to stay up.

---

time skip

America took the same limo as yesterday, but this time there was no chatter. America still had the gauze around his head. He groaned, the first chance his enemies got *North Korea and Russia* they would laugh their heads off, or at least spread gossip or something. *Not like he wanted that.*

America , going to an ally way, pulled out some gauze of his suit pocket *who carries that* and replaces the old gauze. He stuffs the gauze wrap in his pocket.

As he opened the meeting door , almost all the countrys "he heard Russia say something as he passed by "посмотри на этого идиота" *translation : look at that idiot.* America rolled his eyes he had heard that phrase before. And america retorted "а ты нет?" *translation : and you are not?

America saw Russia's face show an expression of shock, but then after it changed to one of anger.

America sat down in a chair between Canada and Australia. They looked at him as if he were mad. America said " what" raising an eyebrow, but it was mostly hidden behind his glasses. "What?" America repeated. They finally answered when U.N had turned his back on them "America!" they both hissed inbetween their teeth "Why did you slam your head...TWICE" America paused "I- um I fell asleep and I had a... nightmare , sorry I never meant to hurt myself."

Canada and Australia nodded "Just be more careful ok?" America nodded. America in his head could not believe that excuse actually worked. After the meeting America groaned inwardly. America decided to walk back, even though it was a 40 minute walk it would give him more time to think.

-40 minutes later-

America laid on the bed, he felt tired and overwhelmed , maybe a little nap wouldn't hurt... then America told himself "No! have you forgotten America about the dreams ?" Then he sighed and decided to stay up scrolling on his phone.

-the next day-

America yawned and felt like he was about to pass out. "Woah... oh yea...I pulled an all nighter... again." He supported himself on the bed frame , he felt dizzy and fatigued, Canada texted him "Do you want to have breakfast at this cool place?" America texted back "Sure." America didn't have much of a appetite , in fact he felt a bit nauseated at the thought of food. But America urged himself to go, he didn't want to act more weird than he already was. After a minutes walk he arrived at the restaurant.

"Hey !" Canada called. Australia and New Zealand were there too ,they waved at America. They ordered but America said he already had breakfast to which to that they shrugged and nodded. New Zealand asked America "So big bro whatcha been up to." America answered " Oh you know... just working on projects ." New Zealand nodded and continued to talk with his brothers. After a while after New Zealand,Canada and Australia had finished eating *and after America had fought down the urge to throw up*, they all said good bye, but just as he was about to leave when Canada squinted and and pointed out something he wished Canada wouldn't have.

"Hey... why do you have black circles around your eyes." Australia and New Zealand both said " Oh yea..." *by the way America still has his sunglasses on.* "I uh- um haven't been getting much sleep

because... I've been hearing noises all night, plus we have to wake up at early times." Canada paused and said "well at least TRY to get some sleep, ok? America nodded .

America sat on his bed, after a little while his nausea died down. America sighed , after a moment he felt dizzy, "oh no,oh no oh no oh no, I thought my nausea was gone!" he thought. he ran to the toilet and threw up, after a minute he looked at it it looked like tar and was black. He wiped his mouth. He also felt strangely warm and sticky. He dismissed it as normal fever behavior, when America laid down , blackness started to cover his vision "Oh no-" then blackness consumed him. America found himself in that same horrible black box. "**hello America ,excited to see me again?** Not necessarily." He heard a chuckle . "**Your a strange person... Maybe some more dreams will tone you down again.** Please n-" America got teleported like an enderman into many scenarios where he was about to save his friends and some family but failed to.

America at the end was sobbing "**ha- weak.**" America woke up still sobbing. He put his legs up to his chest, *still* sobbing. America wasn't sure why this person was doing this but he felt like this person had a reason for it.

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hello! frostbite_2013 here, this was more of an information chapter so , sorry if it was a bit boring, next chapter will have some more drama also hopefully you've enjoyed this series so far, also the black eye cannon by t.tazy will come soon so don't worry :) -yours truly Frostbite_2013

words in chapter *including this* -1159 words

Chapter 4 The Vodka man chase

Today, America didn't have any meetings so he was able to finally relax . As America sat down on the couch in his hotel room, he heard a knock on the door. America got up and answered it, in the doorway of the hotel room door , he saw his brothers. "So...What are you doing here? We wanted to give you a dare."

America sighed and said "Alright....What is it? we want you ...to steal... Russia's WHOLE vodka stack." America paused and asked "and if I don't? You have to clean the toilets for a WHOLE 3 weeks!" America sighed "Fine I'll steal the vodka."

America slowly opened the door to his hotel room,he saw Russia exit from his room. After about a minute , he struck ,he slowly crept over to the room ,opening the door slowly with a creak. America looked around to try to find the vodka, but that wasn't very hard, he saw... a couple bottles not much, but there was probably more hidden somewhere.

America caught himself thinking "How did he get that through customs-"

America tighten his grip around the bag he was going to put the vodka in.

----------a couple minutes later----------

America got the last of the bottles, he wiped sweat from his eyes *even with sunglasses*,America was about to leave when Mexico came in. They both froze.

---------- Mexico P.O.V ----------

Mexico came out of his hotel room, he strode down the hallway. As he was walking , he saw that Russia's room was open. His curiosity got the best of him, he walked toward it ,he peered inside. Standing inside ,he saw America, with a bag of Vodka in his hands. Mexico wasn't sure how to react.

---------- America P.O.V----------

America spoke first, "um... look I got a dare from my brothers to steal Russia's Vodka. Just please don't tell him or else he'll kill me." Mexico stared for a moment, then he spoke. "Erm... ok I wont tell him, but I'm pretty sure he'll figure it out, he's seen your dares before. Solo ten cuidado, ok? *translation: just be careful, ok?"*

America nodded and snuck out, but just as he exited ,he saw Russia walking toward his room. America started to panic, 'whatdoido? whatdoido?' America thought, then he decided to just wing it.

America ran out of the room as fast as he could, Russia looked confused, but then Russia looked what was in Americas hand... his Vodka. Russia's face turned into one of fury.

America had a good 10 ft ahead of Russia, but America had underestimated Russia's speed. America started to worry ,when he was running down the hallway, he looked behind him and immediately wished he hadn't. *Because looking behind you while running increases the chances of hitting something while running, plus you slow down a little bit when you look behind.*

Russia tried to grab America, but he slipped out of Russia's reach just in time. America ran down the hallway, "ВЕРНИСЬ СЮДА, АМЕРИКА." *translation: GET BACK HERE, AMERICA*

America's stamina was slowly wearing down, but he urged himself to move forward. America wiped the sweat from his eyes, when: "WHAM!!!." America crashed into the hallway wall. *When he wiped sweat from his eyes he wasn't looking , so he crashed into the wall.* Russia stood there fuming, then he said "NOBODY.STEALS.MY.VODKA." Just as America thought things couldn't get ANY worse, *which is something you shouldn't do*

Russia lifted America by his neck.

Russia slowly squeezed Americas neck tighter and tighter with both hands. America tried to breath but he couldn't, America started to panic, but then he realized he was going to **die.**

----------part two----------

America felt light headed and the edge of his vision was slowly getting blacker and blacker. He felt the pressure on his neck intensify, America tried to wriggle his way out of this painful position ,but he was stuck. America heard a sickening: "CRACK." Then, pain enveloped his neck.

Russia squeezed harder on Americas neck *having no sympathy for poor America.*

America had the sudden urge to cough, when he did ,he coughed up...blood. America felt Russia loosen his grip, America had enough time to breathe ,he thought he was going to let go, BUT NO he only came back a second later with a even harder squeeze. America was over overwhelmed, he tried to let out a scream of agony but the only sound that came out was a pitiful rasp.

America was about to pass out when FINALLY Russia let go. America rubbed his slightly bleeding neck, blood dripped from his mouth, and in his brain he thought "why is he so mad over a couple...bottles of vodk-" then he collapsed from air deprivation.

----------Russia P.O.V----------

As I was walking down the hallway when someone ran in front of me. The person was... America? I looked down to see he had my vodka. People always think I love vodka and that's true but I'm trying to limit myself. As Russia looked down he saw one specific bottle. A vodka bottle his father had given him, this may have been a dare from Americas brothers but he had taken it to far. He needed to get that bottle back.

They raced down the hallway, testing each other who would be the first to trip or fall. America glanced behind, and a look of regret crossed his face.

After about 3 minutes of running , Russia said "ВЕРНИСЬ СЮДА, АМЕРИКА!!!" *translation : GET BACK HERE AMERICA!!!"

And after about 2 more minutes of running, America seemed to wipe sweat from his eyes. But America hadn't been looking where he was looking so he ran face first into the wall. America seemed to sit there stunned. Russia walked over to America and said "NOBODY.STEALS.MY.VODKA." And to make sure America wouldn't steal his Vodka again, he lifted America by the neck.

After about two minutes he squeezed his his hands harder *and since Russia is irregularly strong* Russia heard a sickening crack.

Russia dropped America, after about 4 minutes, America who was gasping for air was also coughing up blood. Russia in his mind thought "Serves him right." But something in his mind drove suspicion not anger . Usually America would be relied on to make some snarky comment, rude remark, or even try to fight back if he ever got punched or slapped by another country.

But He had been quiet lately and even now he just looked at Russia with fear and confusion on his face.

Russia thought "America is hiding something ,he's hiding something from **all** of us..."

---

hello! I just wanted to say I spent WAY to much time planning this chapter :') But that aside I wanted to say thanks for reading my book so far , !spoiler!: next chapter will have some context on Americas black eye's.

Also there are no ships in this book so sorry to all you shipers out there.

Ill try to release as much as I can hope you enjoyed my book so far, also I wanted to say I'm getting better at my Grammar, so sorry if

its bad, God bless -Frost_bite2013

1164 words

chapter 5 black eyes

America woke up, head ringing like crazy. He groaned and quickly wished he hadn't, his neck was red, sore and bleeding. America thought 'what happened?' and that horrible voice answered. "**You got beat up by that vodka man.**" America blinked for a second, "why?" America could sense him shrugging.

America felt a thin steam of blood running down from his mouth. "Great I have internal bleeding, how fabulous." America said with heavy sarcasm.

America coughed and as expected he coughed up blood. "I should go to the *rasp* doctor. America heard his own voice, how was he going to hide that? "**America, you don't deserve to go to the doctor. Remember all those people, and how your a monster, you left them. Plus I think if you rasp when you talk, try not to talk at all.**" (the mood swing though :'))

America stood up slowly to avoid collapsing again, he slowly walked over to his room but while doing so he spotted some country's looking at him. America flushed red, to avoid being stared at by anymore country's he went into his hotel room.

He decided to go take a shower, but before he went in the shower,he saw himself in the mirror. Bloody and ragged and not the America anyone knew. He took off his sunglasses, he had black eyes and little black rings around his eyes because of the lack of sleep.

He had ,had black eyes for- no ,he couldn't even remember, it had been so,so long ago. He wasn't sure why he had them, or the reason he got them, but he knew it was apart of him and he couldn't change that.

---------- one hour later----------

America walked out of the shower, he dressed in his blue-grey jeans

and NATO shirt.

America decided to lay on his bed, he was tired and felt a bit light headed. Next thing he knew he fell asleep, against his wishes.

America found himself in a different environment, not in that horrible black box, where he felt trapped.

"Hello?..." America said. There was silence for a moment then, America heard a loud "BOOM" the ground shook. Instinctively ,America ducked to the ground, then he remembered this was during one of the wars, he wasn't sure which one though. "That probably was a bomb or something." He told himself.

America made his way through the trees, then as he saw a clearing, he made out a figure.

The figure was male, average height, and had the America flag on his army cloths to let others know that he was apart of the American army.

Then he recognized the figure, it was...Mark *cousin Mark*. America slowly walked towards him, "M-Mark?" The figure turned around for a moment Mark stared, then a look of recognition crossed his face. A smile was on his face "America?..." They both started walking towards each other not believing what they were seeing.

They both started running towards each other, "I-I thought I lost you in that battle, I couldn't find you any where, I hoped you were alive, America!" They both hugged, being silent and not saying anything and not needing to.

After they stopped hugging, they talked for about 3 minutes before hearing a gunshot distant but loud.

America blinked for a second not understanding the situation. Mark stood for a moment, then he fell, "MARK!!!" America caught Mark in his arms, a stray bullet had gone through his head. "A-America just know... I love you... *THEIR COUSINS* tell your other cousins what happened... I'll be fine." *Mark coughed* America screamed

"DONT LEAVE ME! PLEASE, PLEASE DONT GO COUSIN,....Mark..." Mark said in a shaky voice "Be strong...America... don't let my death hold ....you back....I'll always be with...you....take my cross necklace,it'll help keep....you strong." Then America felt Mark go limp. Hot tears welled up in his eyes, he didn't hold it back, he sobbed and sobbed, he knew it was a memory but... it just felt so real...

America heard that calm yet horrid voice say something **"Well America....how did you like that?** Why are you doing this to me! **Revenge *of course"***

America was confused, why would anyone want revenge? Well of course he has enemy's, but doesn't everyone?

America blinked for a moment but the stream of tears kept coming. Then the sudden realization hit him... he was in the same black box, the same voice told him how he's was a monster, he could have prevented this from happening , and how he was just a horrible person but the last one hit hard **"Im not sure how you family still loves and cares about you because your such a monster... plus frankly, I'm not even sure how their surviving with someone like you."**

America accepted this he was tired of a world that hated him.

He screamed at the top of his voice "I HATE MYSELF,MY EYES,MY JOB...MY LIFE!" Something inside America had told him to say that.

America woke up to the sound of knocking, he felt tear stains on his face, and puffy eyed. He got his sunglasses and hoped that, that plus the darkness would be enough to cover his remnants of sobbing. America opened the door to see a tired Britain.

Britain started to speak "Were you the one screaming? Because I heard a noise like.... 'i hate...my life? Or something of the sort." America paused for a moment, 'was I really screaming loud enough that they heard me?' America thought. "Oh sorry... I was watching a horror movie...it was a bit over dramatic..." Britain nodded and said, "well keep it down now chap, ok?" America nodded and closed the door.

He sighed, and closed his eyes for a moment, he remembered that he had his last meeting tomorrow, he also realized that if Britain had heard his scream from across the hotel...then that means others must have heard it. Including his enemies.

America sighed heavily "Tomorrow is going to be a lonnnnngggg day..."

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hello! Sorry I haven't updated my chapter yet! :^ I was busy, I'll update as much as I can! I hope you've enjoyed this series so far! -frostbite_2013

words- 1005

Context page! (not an actual chapter)

I was just going to give some context on the black eye au! *by t.tazy*

So imagine you read some chapters in my book, then you stumble across the word "black eyes" you don't know what it means so your curious.

If your too lazy to look up "what does countryhumans black eye au/ cannon mean?" then this is the chapter for YOU!

So black eyes basically means "no cultural or lack of culture" to give an example the USA has a lack of culture or rather the lack of an original culture so he would have black eyes, he also has a lot of other cultures because people bring them with them from all over the world! Though like I said before he may have cultures, people are bringing into the usa, but he still lacks an original one. The U.N, E.U etc would have black eyes why? Because their just unions so they don't have culture.

But country's with culture would have white eyes, why you ask? Its Because they have an original culture. Mexico,France ,Britain etc would have white eyes, because they have culture.

Sorry if this made you more confused- :'D But let me know if you need more context on this! This is pretty much all I know so- I hope you'll be able to understand this AU more. :> - frostbite_2013

chapter 6 secrets being on the line

America woke up to that annoying clock his brother *New Zealand* had named... Jeremy.

And the worst part about it was...it has voice recording so New Zealand had programmed it to every so often say: "JEREMY!!!" It even once woke him up in the middle of the night.

America had another series of bad dreams, tear stains were on his face, around his eyes they were puffy and red.

America groaned he walked over to the bathroom sink, he washed his face. He realized he had a meeting in about 50 minutes. America remembered the encounter he had with Russia , he had wrapped some gauze around his neck , though still noticeable.

He decided to look up : "what to do when your throat is bleeding" All it came up with was:

seek medical attention if condition worsens....take some medicine...antibiotics.

America sighed and took some medicine all the while CPR was screaming in his head, saying :**don't go to the doctor....you deserve it**. And all of that jazz.

America felt a little bit better after the medicine. Though he still rasped when he talked. He knew that China and other country's would fire questions at him about the gauze and the way he talked. "*sigh"* America knew this day would be painful.

And for some reasons Russia or China loved figuring out peoples business. If anything was up or out of the ordinary, then you could rely on them.

*btw if you want you can try figuring out some looooooorrrrrrreeeeeeeeee -mat pat *

They could help you find out what was wrong with your friends if their sad, or in America's case figure out secrets meant to be hidden.

He was enemy's with Russia but China mainly was in for the fun of it.

He got dressed in that same black suit and white tie. He stretched, he felt tired, staying up all those nights had put a toll on him. He felt fatigued and lethargic, but he put on a happy face and walked out the door.

He decided to walk to the meeting, it was his last meeting after all, plus it would give him more time to think and try to solve his problems.

----------40 minutes later----------

America made it to the meeting with ten minutes to spare. America opened the door, he saw U.N say America your ten minutes la- *looks at watch* ... early?

America nodded, sighed and sat in his chair. U.N gave him a puzzled look, "Why?"

America didn't want to answer so he simply shrugged and said "Felt like it." U.N sighed at the avoided question and continued to talk to the other countryhumans. The early country's who usually came were: China,Canada,Mexico,North Korea and occasionally Russia. There was also the Philippines,Ukraine and Italy.

China gave him a 'what are you hiding' look/glare. America quickly avoided China's eye contact.

America rubbed his temples on the side of his face. He had a subtle headache but nothing like the one he had last time.

----------time skip
:p----------

America walked out of the meeting doors. He stretched,feeling better since he wasn't confined in there anymore, like a bird in a cage. As he was walking out, Russia walked in front of him out of no where, he had telported like an enderman.

America flinched with surprise, Russia chuckled.
"So...America....Had fun screaming last night?" Russia said with a mocking grin

"How did yo- I mean... it was a horror movie, told you already vodka man." America tried to add some extra fake ego at the end to try to sound like his normal self. Russia narrowed his eyes, it seemed like he had looked through America's attempt to look and sound normal.

Russia stalked off giving America an 'ill find out what your hiding' glower (glare) America sighed, but that moment of relief was short lived, he saw out of the corner of his eye, Russia, behind a tree, spying on America with his white eyes. Seeing that sent a shiver down America's spine.

"Was it just Russia who was spying on him, or were there others?"He thought, America decided, just to be safe, that he would take the limo back to his hotel.

America booked the same limo as he always did, but this time it was different, he wasn't patiently waiting, he was tapping his foot constantly on the concrete sidewalk, feeling continuously watched... When the limo arrived he didn't hesitate to get in. He tried saying hello to Mark *the driver* but a trace of fear left his voice, he hoped the Mark wouldn't hear, but thankfully he didn't.

----------20 minutes later----------

America left the car in a hurry, he said bye to Mark then left. He went up the stairs, and walked to his room, but before he went in he saw Russia go into his room as well, but before Russia went in

he saw America and he gave him that same cold glare.

America quickly entered his hotel room. America closed the door quickly, he sighed, when would he be able to put up the act? It was 3:00 his flight was at...4:30 he might as well go now... He took the Uber to the airport.

----------one painful flight later----------

America sighed as he got off the plane, there were a couple country's just visiting his. America walked out of the airport, he had ordered an Uber to pick him up. 30 minutes later he got home , he felt content to finally not have to hide his emotions.

----------Russia P.O.V----------

Russia walked out of the meeting doors, he saw America and felt suspicion bubble up inside him, this would be the time to intimidate him...To try and strangle the truth out of him.

He teleported to America, who ,when he saw Russia teleport behind him, he flinched with fear. "So America had fun screaming last night?" Russia said with a mocking grin.

America looked at him with a bit of shock on his face. "How did yo- I mean, it was a horror movie told you already vodka man." Russia may not have shown it on his face but he had discovered something crucial, he meant the screaming part as a joke ,something to intimidate him. He had heard screaming, but just shrugged it off as some late night party of some sort. He remembered hearing someone go to America's door but he thought it was just America's brothers or something .

America heard at the end of the sentence a bit of ego, a bit of confidence, he decided he had enough information for now, so he just gave America a bit of a glare and left. But he decided to watch America for the time being. But just as he left he saw America sigh, like he had just finished some terrifying act of some sort.

But just as Russia snuck behind some trees he saw America turn his head to look behind him, he saw America spot Russia, and saw the fear in America's face.

America hurried off in the distance.

Russia would solve this case , he wasn't worried about America at all, it was curiosity that made him want to figure out this secret, but most of all more than curiosity it was **r e v e n g e.**

---

hello! This is the end of chapter 6! I hope you enjoyed this chapter, I had fun writing this, also revenge? Why would Russia want Revenge? Well I guess you have to wait until I make more chapters >:) *lol I'm evil he he >: J * And if you have any questions about this book just ask me! Hope you've enjoyed so far :D -frostbite_2013

words -1249

Thank you!

[image]

Thank you guys! I'm so blessed ! thank you for 77 reads :D Ill try to update as much as I can :) hope y'all have a good day/night!- frostbite_2013

Chapter 7 decisions, decisions

America was relieved to finally be home, he wasn't fond of being in so much pressure, and everyone giving him looks as if he were mad. He sat on his bed, exhausted from the long trip and lack of sleep.he suddenly heard a small ring, he looked down, he saw a notification on his phone. He clicked on it.

Maple syrup hoarder

Canada

Hey Merica'! Do you want to come over to play video games?

America

sure

Canada

What time?

America

6:00 good for you?

Canada

👍

America sighed and put his phone down, he didn't really want to go, but maybe playing some video games would help with....his problems

America picked up his phone just to look at the time, 4:35... so... *America did the math in his head,he had always had a strange talent for math, hmmmmmm.... 1 hour and 25 minutes until he would go to his brothers house. America decided to put on a black hoodie and a pair of navy blue pants.

----------time skip ----------

America walked out of his house, he decided to lock his doors just to be **safe.** *remember the house locking part it is important *

America started walking down to his brothers house, he saw a couple other country's going to his brothers house as well. "Looks like other people are going...*Great*" he thought to himself. He walked over to their house, *which was only about 40 ft away.* America took a deep breath in, put a happy face on, and knocked. After a few seconds someone answered the door, it was Canada.

Canada hugged America, Americas sunglasses moved a bit. 'Hm... strange. They never move...' America thought to himself.

"Maybe GETTING BEAT UP BY RUSSIA might have done it..." C.P.R said in his head. *oh that rhymes :J* America ignored the statement, after about 20 more seconds of hugging, America managed to break free from the hug. America remembered something, "oh, also Canada,why were there *rasp* country's coming over to your house?

Aussie and New Zealand, wanted to invite some of their friends." Canada replied with a sigh. America nodded. "Wait...How many *rasp* people are going to come? ... Canada? ALL of their friends..." America winced could Canada handle that many people? After all he gets overwhelmed easily... Then a thought popped in his head that two sides of his brain agreed and disagreed on. Should he stay over night to help with this definitely- will- turn -into -a -party hangout?

One side said: "Id be a nice thing to do, plus you doing that might help you look less suspicious around other countrys especially...**those three.** (Aka Russia,China,North Korea as you know.)

But the other side of his brain said: "You have a better chance to raise suspicions, plus Russia might try to squeeze the truth from you the first chance he gets, plus China is good at intimidating and so is North Korea. "

America decided that he would help, I mean... It's not like going would put him in moral danger, and give him an even more traumatic experience that might alter the course of people's trust in him, and make him even more paranoid then he was... Right?

That's called foreshadowing. :}

"Hey Canada I can help *rasp* set up this "hangout" plus I *rasp* know how to cook." Canada gave him a grateful 'Really?' look.

America had heard his own rasping in his voice he hoped Canada hadn't realized. Though what it looked like, by his face, that he hadn't. He realized it was already 6:00, so wouldn't people start coming any minute now? "Hey Canada...Won't people start coming? It's already 6:00, I saw them walking towards the house, they'll come any minute now." Canada paused for a moment, then he gave America a triumphant look. "I told everyone (just now) that the party will start at 7:30, so that gives us an hour and thirty minutes." America sighed with relief "Good thinking Canada."
----------time skip to the "hangout" with heavy air quotes :D----------

America had prepared the food,setups (like gaming devices) etc. He was exhausted, *even though ya'll probably have prepared multiple hours before a "HANGOUT" like this.* America sat down for a moment, a couple minutes the door rang, the first person to come was...South Korea and he had forced his brother North Korea to come. North and South both greeted Canada, South Korea was clearly happy to see him, North Korea clearly didn't want to be here.

The next people to come were: Mexico, America's and Canada's brothers, Brazil, Egypt, etc.

But then Ukraine and...**Russia** showed up, Japan and...**China** were here as well. They both looked like they were here involuntarily, Russia China and North Korea nodded to each other. 'What are they planning?' America thought to himself , but then they said to one another as they walked away "at least some of *OUR* friends are here." And they chuckled as they sat down to eat some rice America had made.

America raised his eyebrow, but he just ignored it, it probably was just something else like a joke or whatever. But little did America know that it wasn't a joke, it was a **distraction**.

----------part two----------

America was thinking about the nodding for a while. 'Why did they nod to each other? Were they just nodding because they were friends or something darker?' Questions and theory's filled America's mind. He sat down, and put his chin on his hand.

Then... **Those** three came up to him. China glared at him, Russia had a raised eyebrow and North Korea looked as if he wanted to kill America with his eyes. America glared back but not with the same intensity like North Korea. "So what are doing
America? **Thinking** about something?

America narrowed his eyes. "Why would I be *rasp* doing *that*?, I'm just trying *rasp* to enjoy the party." America tried to sound as confident as he could. China rolled his eyes and walked away BEHIND America. Russia narrowed his eyes,'had Russia heard his rasping?' America suddenly had a strange and unruly feeling, he had feeling that he was about to get hit by a cinder block on the the head.

America spun around to see China holding AN ACTUAL CINDER BLOCK above his head! America screeched saying "WHAT THE CRAP ARE YOU *RASP* DOING?!?" Then America thought for a moment. "Wait WHY do you *rasp* have a cinder block *rasp* and

where did you get it?" China paused for a moment. "I always have cinder blocks with me, why?"

America looked confused, and stood there for a moment. Russia took this state of confusion as an opportunity. But without a moments hesitation, he slammed America's head on the table. "GAH!!!" America exclaimed, Russia kept his hand on America's head to keep his head pinned on the table. Then Russia whispered in America's ear. "I will take **revenge** for what you did, and I will **NEVER** forgive you..." America *still* pinned on the table ,was hearing what they were saying but only some parts because they were whispering. "What should we do with him....sunglasses.....take off?" Were they going to take off his sunglasses?

America was also confused why was no one coming to help him? Then he saw that they had cornered America so far into the house that no one had noticed.

America froze, he didn't understand why wasn't he giving the reason and why did he hate him so much? He knew they were enemies, but enough to the point where they were in full blown combat or maybe even...A war? America felt too overwhelmed, he looked for a way to escape,hmmm.

He strained against Russia grip but he only grabbed America's head harder. Then he saw Russia finger, should he? Doing this might make Russia hate him more. *Trust me it will :J*

But seeing no other option, he decided to do it, he sighed, then with one last surge of strength, BIT down on Russia's finger. Russia yelled out with pain frustration, he let go of America.America saw this as a opportunity to escape, he started running. America looked back to see what was happening, Russia was running behind him, despite having a bitten finger, having a face of pure hatred and fury.

America ran out the door, slammed it shut , and was about to leave but that's when when he saw...Canada.

I am SO sorry for not posting this chapter quickly because I've been busy. I hope you enjoyed this chapter. More shall come soon! I hope you have a good day/night! Hope you have liked this book so far!- frostbite_2013

words-1402

chapter 8 Cracks in the soul

America froze, why was CANADA out here and not in the party?

Then he realized Canada usually came out to tend to the plants when he was overwhelmed or slightly stressed.

Canada looked at him slightly confused, what Canada saw was: America clothes were slightly torn, his head had a big bruise, and his body looked tired and ragged."America are you ok- I'M FINE! ... sorry... I didn't mean to lash out like that..." Canada paused then responded. "Its ok, it happens, but why do you look like that, and why do you have a bruise on your head?..." Questions flowed from Canada, question after question. Making America even more nervous. America glanced to look at the door out of the corner of his eye, he could hear banging.

Canada shouldn't have to see America like this. "Canada, I'm sorry but I have to go, I don't have the time right now. Wait why?"

America sighed and was about to run off, *again*,that's when Canada grabbed his arm.

Canada looked sad and confused, but above all that desperate. America could see the sadness in Canada's eyes, he WANTED to stay but...He couldn't. There was to much going on right now.

America sighed deeply ,knowing he would regret this moment. "Canada! You have to let go! I need to leave NOW. Ugh I *knew* you would be clingy like this." Canada let go, but not without letting a comment slip. "I always knew you were a loner..."

America's heart ached but...He needed to go, or else things might get... Messy. America ran, as fast as he could, tears streamed down his face. As he had predicted he had deeply regretted those words.

America kept running ,not bothering to look behind. After America

finally reached his house, he reached into his pocket for his keys, ... that weren't there. He searched his pockets trying to find his house keys, but failing.

'Where are they?!?' America thought. **"You have bad item placement don't you~."** America ignored this, but then to his horror remembered he had put them down in CANADA'S house.

And to even more of America's horror, he saw **three** distant figures. "CRAP." He said feeling frustrated. Then he remembered he had a back yard. So he climbed the fence, and opened the back door. 'Thank goodness I always forget to lock the back door...' America thought to himself.

"Well that wont help once some of those visitors come." America was confused for a moment, then he remembered. America quickly locked the backdoor, in case they had the same idea as he had.

America went to the bathroom, and locked THAT door in case they managed to get through his first wave of security. America sighed, and looked at himself in the mirror. America found out to even MORE of his horror that he had... **Cracks** on his face.

America started hyperventilating "no..no no no no NO. Those shouldn't be there! **Finally found them?"** America felt even more tense and stressed. How was he supposed to hide *this*? Then, suddenly an idea sparked in his head. What if he covered it...with face paint?

I mean it might be worth a try... America opened his cabinet, and grabbed some face paint, gently applying it as to try to not irritate or make his cracks worse. When he looked in the mirror it was...A questionable result. But it would have to do.

America sighed and was about to unlock the bathroom, when he saw a **crack** on his hand. "DAMMIT." America said out loud to nobody. **"Tsk tsk ,Looks to me like you have a lot of problems on your hands at the moment~."**

America let out a guttural growl. "I'm not in the mood for some of

your stupid suggestions or jokes." Then America put his back to the door and slide down. He put his face in his hands. "UGHHHHHHH what am I supposed to do?!?"

He felt hot tears prick at his eyes, he felt defeated, what *was* he supposed to do? He could put face paint on his hand, though it might just wear off. America kept thinking, but he kept hitting a wall that he couldn't get past. America just couldn't get a plausible idea, America threw up his arms in frustration.

Tears fell down his face, he felt defeated and he was pretty sure he was. If the country's saw his cracks...It could be the end. *I'll explain in later chapters but I want you guys to try and figure it out for now :}*

America tried to think of happy thoughts, the time Australia hit him with a water balloon and Canada with a glove. Then suddenly, a spark of inspiration, America could wear a glove! Sure it might be suspicious,but it was better than face paint that's for sure. All he had to do now was come up with an excuse.

---------- later that night ----------

America had come up with an excuse,he had had an idea for the cracks on his face and the cracks on his hand. America laid down on his bed and sighed, today had been a full day. America was ready for some sleep, totally oblivious of the night he was about to have. As America was about to sleep. *Totally forgetting about the dreams he had been having.* America heard a faint tapping noise coming from the front room window. It took America to figure out what it was, but when he did America's blood went cold.

He had totally forgotten about the **three** figure's that were heading towards his house. And America was SO caught up about his hand and head he had forgotten about It. Why were Russia,China and North Korea here? Then America realized, **revenge**, America heard the back door handle wiggle a little bit, and then he heard muffled words that he couldn't decide this far away. The only reason he could hear this was: first because his room door was open and second, he had a mostly open home.

America heard footsteps walk away, America felt the extreme urge to breath, as he hadn't realized he was holding his breath, after a moment of breathing, he had the sudden awareness that he was being watched, why? Because a couple second's ago people literally just tried to break into his house.

Then it hit America that he had made many more enemy's then he had intended to, and now having three enemy's added more to the burden he was already carrying. And with a pang of worry America realized he had a meeting tomorrow. *How convenient seeing all of his enemy's in one place, plus fights were no stranger to the meetings America went to, because they happened occasionally.*

America wasn't ready for tomorrow, and knew there was something wrong bound to happen. And boy, I bet it doesn't even take foreshadowing to know that.

Hello! It's the writer, I just wanted to say I'll be posting as much as I can! And if y'all have any questions ask away! I had a lot of fun writing this chapter and soon the reason of Russia's hatred shall come :P

Hope y'all have good day/night! -frostbite_2013

words- 1172

Chapter 9 Meetings gone wrong

America got out of bed, light headed and lethargy,he wasn't necessarily excited about going to this meeting,mainly because of what happened yesterday. The finger biting thing and all that jazz. The reason America felt the way he was, was: Number one he hadn't slept in over four days and second he was still a bit paranoid about people trying to break into his house and beat him up. And third he had to get up around 3:00 in the morning to catch his flight that was at four fifty in the morning. *He still hasn't slept yet.*

America got up and got dressed into a blue suit with a black tie. *This time he put a little bit more effort despite his condition.*

America then went to the bathroom and put some face paint to hide the small but noticeable black rings around his eyes. *Even though America wears sunglasses the black rings around his eyes are still noticeable.*

And America decided to put on some white contacts just to be safe (a decision that would save him being discovered. **For now...**)

The white contacts looks like other countryhuman eyes and the contacts are pure white

"No one can know about my black eyes..." America said to himself **"Or what ?"** The voice inside his head seemed to ask whose name was **c.p.r.** "Well...If people find out... My life wont be very good...**I'm pretty sure even if they found out, your life would be the same even if they did find out about your eyes, seeing what state your in right now."**

America drove his car to the airport in about 30 minutes and waited for the plane.

---------- After the flight----------

America ordered the same limo and after about 10 minutes got to the meeting. America sighed got out of the limo, and was about to open the door when he hesitated,doubts filled his mind like: What if I get in fight? *__foreshadowing >:)__* What if people hate me now?

America pushed those doubts away and sighed, though he still felt unsure. As he opened the door U.N stared at him. "Oh...America, you're early again,*this time* by 30 minutes." U.N explained. "Oh..." America said,he decided he would just sit down. As America sat down U.N put a hand on America's shoulder, "America...I have to ask you...Why did you bang your head on the table...*Twice*"

"He had to bring *this* up again?" America thought. America put on a fake and forced smile and said "U.N I'm fine! I dozed off and had a nightmare, to be honest I'm not sure what caused me to do that in my nightmare." Even though America never had a nightmare, he tried to make it sound like he had actually had one.

U.N SEEMED satisfied with his answer, and he walked away, doing whatever unions or organizations do.

——————————————————30 minutes later
——————————————————

America was sitting in his chair, U.N was yapping about global warming, and it was a surprise Russia was here,he usually wasn't here because of the war with Ukraine. Honestly, nothing interesting was happening. *But trust me there'll be something interesting soon.*

----------after the meeting ended----------

America walked out sighing,he stretched ,and yawned, America was about to order a limo when- Russia walked NEXT to him. Suddenly America said something that he didn't expect to come from his mouth: "Why are you following *rasp* me,you creep." Russia.looked.furious. "What did you say to me you burger eating piece of CRAP!"

Then a fight started. Right then and there,Russia punched him in the jaw, America tried to get off the ground. America accidentally

kicked Russia in the stomach, causing him to fall on the ground. "COME HERE YOU AMERICAN PIECE OF SH**!! Russia shouted.*ouch :(*

America tried to run of but Russia grabbed America's neck so forcefully that it reopened a cut on his neck. America tried to breathe but all he did was cough. Cough up blood. And apparently country's on the side lines were shouting: "FIGHT,FIGHT,FIGHT!" With no intention of helping. Then in a jaw dropping move Russia took off America's sunglasses,revealing a terrified, crying America. But his eyes were white, why? **Because of the contacts**. But,BUT, in a certain angle your able to see a little bit of the country's original eye color, and in America's case,that color was a midnight black.

And Russia was in an angle to see America's **true** eye color, but only a little, he saw something strange,weird as if his eye's had a milky, cloudy appearance,something you don't see in regular countryhumans eyes. He also saw a **shadow** in his eyes,something strange.

The countrys looked confused, expecting to find something amazing, weird or terrifying under his sunglasses, but no, just white eyes, **normal white eyes.** America was thrown to the ground,and so was his sunglasses, he hurriedly picked them up, and walked away.

----------Russia P.O.V----------

FINALLY! He could get **revenge** for all the wrongs America did to him...To his **father**. He was holding America in the air but his neck, America was almost constantly couching up blood. Russia took off America's sunglasses,expecting to see something horrible or weird but...NO all he saw was white eyes...**Normal eyes.** But...Something was **off.** He saw a weird clouded look in America's eye, and as he strained his eyes,he saw that there was a shadow in his eyes as well.

----------America P.O.V----------

America decided just to walk there,but in the most secluded area's of the street. It took America around thirty minutes to get to the

hotel he booked earlier. America walked to his room, (surprisingly the same one as last time) he sat on the couch,and tended to his wounds.

America laid down,and sighed,his mouth was covered in blood,some was dripping from his mouth right now. America felt darkness close around him, "no...NO-" America didn't get to finish his sentence. He had passed out from blood loss. And inside his head, wouldn't be any better.

----------Russia P.O.V----------

Russia had walked away confused,perplexed and **determined,** he would do anything to squeeze the truth from that pathetic country. No matter what it took, No matter if he killed America over and over and **over again.**

Hello! I just wanted to say I really enjoyed writing this chapter (again) I honestly am so thankful for all the reads! I will update as much as I can,I'm so happy for you if you have enjoyed it, now enjoy the rest of your day/night!

-frostbite_2013

-words:1044

Thanks again!

[image]

Thank you guys for 111 views! I'm so glad y'all are enjoying my book! I'm going to put as much effort as I can with this book so I hope you look forward to seeing more!

-frostbite_2013

Chapter 10 Suspicion,worry and other things

Russia went into the meeting room to talk to U.N, after walking around for one minute, he found him standing, looking at some work papers. "*clears throat* Excuse me U.N, have you got a minute?" U.N turned around to see Russia standing three feet away from him. "Oh, sure, come with me and sit in my office,we can talk there."

U.N and Russia were talking as if they were old friends, when they finally got there, Russia saw that his office was VERY clean, and organized. As Russia sat down U.N offered him a cup of tea, but he refused it, he wasn't in the mood for drinking tea, even though he was thirsty. "I have to tell you something U.N...It's about...America, he's been acting strange,I've talked to a couple people,and they agree as well." Russia explained

U.N seemed a little concerned, if someone was acting out of he ordinary, then he would be one to count on to figure it out. If ANY country or person was acting strange then he WOULD be concerned. "Russia...I know you and America don't get along well, and there have been mishaps in the past, and a few in the present." He eyed Russia wearily.

Had he seen Russia beating America up? Then he felt stupid, there are **security cameras** of course he would have seen it. Russia sighed "Look U.N I think America might be hiding something,when you saw me take off his glasses, I saw something I don't think ANYONE else saw."

He saw U.N's eye's glimmer a little,and his wings twitch with anticipation. "What was it Russia? You can tell me. Ok, I saw, when I was holding America by the neck, his eyes had a shadow, but not an ordinary one, one that looked like it was IN his eyes. Do you think you know what's going on?"

U.N looked interested,"hmmm. I'm not sure yet but I have a couple theories" After a while,of talking, Russia provided more information about America, and what he had learned just by looking and observing him. Later he said bye, and left. Russia had a strange feeling whenever he had entered the office, as if someone was **watching him**, **waiting for him** to come in.

---------- C.P.R P.O.V----------

C.P.R followed Russia into the meeting room, his ghastly body silent. He overheard Russia talking to U.N, "America's acting strange.... I saw a shadow...in his eye." C.P.R phased through the door to hear more,"Hmmm, I'm not sure but I have some theories." U.N said. **"Interesting,I wonder what their talking about."** C.P.R said aloud to no one. Then C.P.R paused,then he had remembered some words they said, 'shadow in his eyes.' Had been talking about **America?**

C.P.R smiled, they were talking about America's eyes weren't they? "**I wonder when they'll find out, and when they do, they'll be sure to get some...Interesting information.**" C.P.R said to himself.

---------- Canada p.o.v ----------

Canada was confused and **worried**, why had America reacted like that? Had America been frustrated, angry or stressed? Canada had acted like any brother would do, he asked America questions yet, America still hadn't answered. Canada had texted his brother 50 times, so why hadn't he responded?

Did America not like the party? Questions filled Canada's mind, some questions of concern or worry, others Canada didn't like so much, like: What if America doesn't love me anymore, and my brother hates me instead? What if... What if?

What if's flashed through his head, he regretted saying those things to America, he also missed him. Then Canada forced those thoughts out of his mind, and took a deep breath, he wouldn't worry about it, America, his brother was probably **fine**."

---------- Australia p.o.v

Australia was outside sitting on some sand next to the sea, mind wandering, he remembered about the fight America and Russia had had. And why had Russia taken America's sunglasses off, I mean, Australia had seen the fight from a distance and hadn't gotten to the fight in time to break it up, but he had seen some glimpses of it.

He thought America just wore those glasses to look cool, and for no other reason, but recently it looked like he depended on them for his life. Why was he acting like this? He had theories but nothing special.

Then Australia remembered that whenever Russia took off America's sunglasses, that Russia looked as if something great was about to be revealed. But instead was met with **normal** white eyes. What had he been expecting?

Australia breathed in the fresh beach air, letting it melt away all these questions, he would figure it out, but at the moment he just wanted to **relax**.

---------- U.N P.O.V ----------

After Russia had left, U.N had organized his papers, he sighed looks like he had another problem to solve,but this time he felt it would be a bit more **difficult**. Just as U.N was about to leave for home he had a **strange** feeling, as if a chilling breeze had passed by him, but how was that possible? They were inside.

U.N shook the feeling off as just the air conditioning, but the again, **it wasn't on**.

---------- C.p.r p.o.v ----------

C.P.R smiled to himself, he had a feeling that America would fall asleep tonight, so he traveled down ally ways, quiet streets and **peaceful** sleeping homes.

When he finally made it to the hotel, he went to America's room, and phased through the door. And just as he had suspected, America was sound asleep, he looked VERY tired. C.P.R chuckled to

himself, "**Time to ruin another one of his nights.**" But before he went into America's mind, he took off America's sunglasses and opened his eye a little, and just as C.P.R suspected he saw eyes as dark as obsidian.

He put on the sunglasses back on America's face. "**Oh, Brother, you soon wont be able to hide the fact about your eyes and you soon won't be able to hide your secrets.**"

And then C.P.R returned to the cold, lifeless black box.

Hello! I'm sorry if this chapter was a little boring, It was meant to be a chapter about a couple people's perspective on America's situation, even if they don't know what's going on. Like I always say I'll try to update as much as I can hope you have a good day

ight!

-frostbite_2013

words- 1037

Chapter 11 Lights dimming

America found himself in that cold, dark box. "NO!!!!! WHY AM I HERE?!?" America shouted at no one in particular. "**Hello~ How are *you* doing?**" America felt annoyed. "Why are *you* here, C.P.R." America could sense that C.P.R was smirking. But before America could make a comment, he was teleported to another place, a... more distorted place.

America saw many, many, many scenarios where he caused the death of many soldiers, he couldn't help them, he *was* in the heat of combat. Yet... He still felt guilt build up inside himself. After that, he was teleported again and again and again to a place where he tried to save his friends and family but... He didn't make it in time. He was sobbing, putting his face in his hands, afraid to see another person die.

He lifted his head to see a dark figure, the figure had no eyes, he had a white smile on at the moment, then: "**See you tomorrow night, *America*.**"

America woke up to find himself crying and in a pool of sweat. "*That* dream was strange." He corrected himself, "nightmare, not a dream." America felt strangely warm and he felt sweat constantly drip down his face, he kicked off the covers thinking that It might be that. But to no avail, he just felt his surroundings get hotter and hotter, he staggered to the bathroom. He splashed water on his face, America made a face a frustration the water was hot *too*.

America staggered onto the couch, his surroundings seemed distorted, hot and sticky too, reason? Well his hands kept pouring out sweat, so he constantly was sticky and uncomfortable. America shortly passed out after laying on the couch. He found himself in that black box, like his eyes.

But this time, it felt nice to be in here, the coolness overtaking his body, making him calm. He felt like that constant presence that had tormented him was gone, and someplace else. America laid on the

cool, serene floor, and finally let himself slip into a place of calmness and tranquility.

---------- After America woke up ----------

America woke up, looking around his surroundings, thankfully it wasn't hot anymore, and America finally felt a *bit* better after some well deserved rest. America rubbed his head, he felt a little hungry, so he got up and slowly walked to the kitchen. He picked up a pack of strawberries and nibbled on one, he made a face, he looked and saw that they had expired. "Well there goes my love of strawberries."

He sighed and sat back down, he decided that he would just stay up because it was only five am.

---------- 7:00 am ----------

America got up and stretched, he found a new pair of clothes so he sluggishly walked into the bathroom. (After he changed,) he was getting dressed,but to be honest he didn't really put much effort into it, just a black shirt and blue pants. He laid down, feeling more like himself, though he did feel a bit strange. He couldn't describe the feeling, he just felt ...strange. Loneliness maybe? No... It felt like a cold feeling or **thing** was slowly swallowing the last bit of himself.

He clutched his heart, it **did** feel like something was either sucking his happiness away (something he hadn't felt in a while, the happiness I mean,) or; it was slowly draining his new found hope.

He sighed and gave up, there wasn't a reason he should fight back the strange feeling, so why should he? He had gotten used to feeling unhappy. America clutched the cross necklace that hung loosely around his neck, whenever he clutched it he felt a small amount of hope and peace return to him, yet sadness came with it, the memory of losing his cousin stinging his heart.

Philippians 4-7 : Then Gods peace, which goes beyond anything we can imagine, will guard your thoughts and emotions through Jesus

Christ.

(Just wanted to let ya'll know! Now, enjoy the rest of this chapter!)

America let go of the cross, and decided, I should probably get home.

---------- After the flight back ----------

He sighed with relief as he walked through his front door, but paused. Should I see my states? I haven't seen them in a while, plus I've been busy with work, so I SHOULD see them.

So America backtracked from where he came from, locked the door, then he locked the door. America slowly walked back but stopped cold, why were his eyes hurting so much, then he realized , it must be his contacts so he took them out gingery. After about five more minutes of walking he made it to where his states live. (Look he has fifty of them so it's not like he can fit them all in his house. I'll explain more later.)

America slowly walked into the quiet house. Then he was meet with surprised and delighted gasps. "DAD!!!" Said around 30 states. And the other 19 came stampeding down the steps from the second story. They hugged him tightly, America notice Texas wasn't here. "I'm so happy to see you all! But one question, where's Texas?" All the states murmured, Louisiana finally said "I thing he went up in his room."

America shrugged it off, he probably was tired or something,he's always doing outside work. "You should probably leave your brother alone, he's probably tired or what not." All the other states agreed and went back to hugging their dad.

———————————————- Texas P.O.V
———————————-

Texas lay on his bed, he sighed, he knew his "father" was downstairs but...He just didn't feel like socializing. Texas felt strangely cold, in personality and literally, for a second he felt his fingers go numb. Texas sat up, poking his now numb hand, but shortly after it

returned to normal. 'What's wrong with me?' Texas thought, but little did he know it was just the beginning.

————————————————- America P.O.V
————————————————-

America said goodbye to his children after a bit, he walked home, feeling tired. After America got home, he unlocked the house and went in. He laid on his bed feeling sleep come his way, but all those horrible memories with those... dreams, nightmares. He didn't want to sleep, no he **couldn't.** But soon against his will, darkness enveloped him.

America, as always, woke up in that cold, lifeless, dark box. But something was different, he felt a presence, a **familiar** presence. But he wasn't able to put his finger on it. Then, the voice came. "**Why hello, America! How *pleased* I am to see you.**" America huffed, feeling no sense of a welcome, only...**Hate.** He could sense C.P.R smile smugly. Then, he got teleported to a... hospital? Many lives, suffering with disease and wounds, just being able to keep themselves breathing.

America felt guilt pile up on him, is THIS what he had caused? During war, was it HIS fault he had shied away from helping others during the heat of combat? And left many others to die? America tried to look away, but no matter where he looked all he saw was... **bodies...**

Then the voice whispered, "**their blood is on YOUR hands.**"

—
_____

Guys I'm SO sorry I haven't uploaded this chapter,I've been busy and taking a break from writing. I'm trying to come up with new chapter ideas so sorry if some chapters are a bit late! Also! I'm so glad y'all like my work! 175 reads wow! I didn't think I'd get this far, but thank you, thank you SO much, you guys helped make this happen.

- frostbite_2013

Words 1243

Chapter 12 Peace finally found

America got up the next morning, heart pounding, he felt his head spinning from what happened the other night. "What..." Then he remembered, "It was a dream...No a nightmare."

He rubbed his head, he felt more tired then ever, he got up to prepare for the meeting he supposedly had, but realized, he *didn't* have one today. America let out a sigh of relief, he had one in around 3 weeks, but he was happy that he could rest for once. He took off his sunglasses, inspecting his black eyes, he had had them since he was- no, he had, had them so long, he couldn't remember. America sighed, knowing if *anyone* knew about his eyes it could end his reputation and *much* more.

"Hello America, had a fun dream last night?" America paused for a moment, it was that *oh so annoying* voice he always had, C.P.R., America remembered that... nightmare, the one he had last night. America shook his head, trying to rid of the memory. He heard a chuckle, and that added to that irritation of the situation. "Can you shut up for once?" America said, he heard a chuckle from that stupid voice

"You seem to think that I wasn't telling the truth last night." America paused, "Ok first I never said you didn't tell the truth and second, I wouldn't cause the death of so many people." He heard a chuckle **"How naive you can be America."** America was confused, he remembered the dream, though, it wasn't real or is going to be real....*right? No* it couldn't be, he was just being paranoid

America decided that today he was going to relax for once and not worry, so he decided he would go out to his favorite place: a field

Now dear reader this may not *sound* that much, but to America it was special. Something from his childhood, something that gave him peace. America said to himself that around 5:00 pm he would go. America slumped on the couch, then righting his posture. He didn't want back pain again-

America was excited! He felt so.... Happy, to be going back, for once America wasn't a tired,somewhat traumatized country. Around 12:26, he started to get ready, despite it being at 5:00, he felt giddy and excited, he finally was energized, not tired and lethargic. America decided to try and eat, he regretted it. So dear reader I'm not going into great detail though let's just say he's not going to try and eat a durian fruit when he nauseous.

America decided he would eat later after that horrid experience. He sighed his appetite definitely lost. America decided that he *could* invite his brothers to his favorite place, though, he had been acting suspicious recently, so he wasn't sure. So, he text them.

Broskies group

Oil Hoarder (**America**)

hey

Kiwi eater(**New Zealand**)

Yea?

Oil Hoarder (**America**)

Ima be going to **our** favorite field wanna come?

Maple syrup drinker (**Canada**)

Sure

Australian Snake Houdini (**Australia**)

I'll go too

Oil Hoarder (**America**)

k, 6:00 good for everyone?

Maple Syrup drinker (**Canada**)

👍

America looked at the clock over and over again, like you probably do whenever your excited about something, or whenever you feel giddy because your happy to not have to do it—

Anyway, around 5:30, America walked, or rather, jumped into his car, and he was excited to see his childhood field after so long! After around 20 minutes, America got there. As he got out of the car, he took a *deep* breath, the cool evening air calming him. He walked on the grass, trying to find the perfect spot, after he did, he sat down, feeling peace after what was ruthless months of nightmares, self doubt and hate

America felt free for once, like what his phrase was, 'the land of the free' though, if you look deeper into America, past the luxuries, like

screens, plenty of food, pools etc, but beneath all of that was poverty, governmental greed etc. And America was freed from all of that, even just for one split moment. His brothers arrived, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, Around 8:30, when the stars came out, and America, had **peace finally found.**

Guys I am SO sorry I didn't release the chapter, I was procrastinating— I'll try harder I promise- also if any of you have any ideas for chapters, (trying to get to 20 before I end the book) I want to make this book exciting and not just about angst, since we all like it 😎(at least I think—), but any way have a nice day/ night!

-sincerely,frostbite_2013

Words: 762

GUYS WHAT-

[image]

Dude, How did we get so far! I'm so thankful for all the reads, and I'll try to release as much as I can, I was procrastinating ngl 😮‍💨, But anyway, since I *still* haven't revealed why Russia hates America, (it's multiple reasons), These reasons are based off of historical conflict between the USA and Russia, so that was just a lil 👌hint on what the chapters gonna be about, and besides this, thank you GUYS SO MUCH!!! I can't believe I got 277 reads, Crazy! Btw, I'm comment or inbox AINT working , stopped for no reason, if any of you know please let me know- so if I don't reply to your comment, I'll try to reply, promise. Well, anyway, hope y'all have a good day/ night!

-frostbite_2013

Chapter 13 Inside Conversations

Now, since you guys have waited chapters and chapters and months too because of my procrastinating- (sorry) I shall write this chapter, because I shall tell (or rather write) the answer to *why* Russia hates America, Enjoy!

Russia had thought and thought about what the flip was behind Americas sunglasses, it drove him **insane**, so, he decided he would take matters into his *own* hands. He decided to do a heist, alone of course, and driven by will and and not wanting to go insane, he decided he would *break into* America's house. Now I know that might sound insane, but you know how you want to know something *so badly* that your willing to go to great extents to know what it is? Or just search it up on Google- but my point is, the question was nagging Russia, and defiantly something that couldn't be solved by a simple and quick Google search--.

"What is behind Americas glasses?" {insert typing noises} Russia tried anyway and what he got.....Did not help AT ALL

"Do you mean: what is inside American glasses? Well the simple answer is- glass"

Russia stared at the screen for a moment, why does Google always do this?... But Russia knew he wasn't going to get any answers so he went to plan B, break in.

---------- Time skip cus I'm lazy :P----------

9:30 pm, Russia got out of his house, locking it so countries wouldn't *break into HIS* house. As Russia was driving towards his destination, his mind wandered while his hands were on auto pilot while driving.

"What could America be hiding behind those glasses? Had he been paranoid when he saw the shadow behind the contacts?" Russia paused, had those been... contacts?

---------- At the destination----------

Russia snuck towards his house, not wanting to draw any attention to himself. (insert spy music, *do do Doooo, bum bum bum *IDK-}

Russia climbed over the fence (with some effort),and managed to get into America's back yard, part 1 of his plan, complete.

He tugged on the handle to make sure that it was unlocked, sadly It wasn't ,so, plan B, **lock picking**.

Russia took a paper clip from his pocket he always has one.. idk- It took him a minute, but, eventually he got it. And with a soft click it was open. Part 2 of his plan complete. Before he entered some doubts entered his mind: Was he just being paranoid about America's eyes? Was he getting in too deep? Was he going insane-" Russia shook his head, and cleared his mind of doubts, he NEEDED to know what America was hiding and he was determined to do so.

And before Russia knew it, he was in the house, with the door shut behind him, and a determined heart to find out secrets.

Russia crept over to what he would assume to be America's bedroom, and this is what he heard:

"Dude can you stop doing those *horrible* migraines, its starting to piss me off"

. . .

"Alright sure, be sarcastic about it CPR as if you were going to stop anyway-- OW, DUDE STOP WITH THE MIGRAINES!!!"

Russia was confused, who was this CPR guy? What was he doing to America? Russia pressed his body to the outside wall of Americas room even further, he couldn't be spotted, no he *wouldn't* be spotted.

"CPR you *do* know what would happen if they saw my eyes right? I would be discriminated, my reputation would *fall* faster then the state of Somaliland"

Russia scoffed inside his head, he was curious about what America was hiding, and sure he *was* in his house, but even Russia knew America's secret couldn't be THAT bad. *right?* And Russia had found out something crucial, it HAD been something about America's eyes.

After around 5 minutes of thinking things over, he heard soft breathing, like... someone sleeping.

So with a silent deep breath Russia peeked over the edge of the door frame and...

To Russia's relief America was asleep, probably from the migraine he got from that.. CPR dude.

Russia slowly crept in, he had a plan, take off America's glasses, see what America was possibly hiding, put America's glasses back on him and leave. Russia nodded to himself, that was a simple yet solid plan.

Russia crouched-walked to America's bedside, and stood over the sleeping country.

Russia would find out America's secret, he would tell EVERYONE, he would get revenge for what America had done to his father, to his allies and to *him*. Hatred burned in Russia's heart, Russia seeked revenge.

Russia reached out and was about to take off America's glasses when-

He paused, should he REALLY be doing this? Should he be breaking into people's houses just to find out one thing that might not even be true, and that there was just a *possibility* of Russia actually finding something out?

Russia slowly put his hand to his side, Russia would find out this secret another day, just not now and not this time.

Russia slowly crept from America's room, he quietly strode from one side of the house all the way to the back door, Russia reached out and was about to turn the door handle when he heard a gun cock. Russia slowly turned around with his hands raised, an there was America, gun *directly* pointed at Russia

"Ohhhhhh shi-"

Why hello there people I finally posted another chapter! (happy bout it) I came up with it like last minute, personally I actually like, probs my fav chapter ngl, :J But anyways , thank y'all for 392 reads! :DDDDD YIPPE, thank you guys!!!! Have a good day/night!

-Best of wishes frostbite_2013

words: 917

LETS GOOOOO

[image]

Ya'll.... HOW DID WE GET THIS FAR?! I'm so happy y'all like the book :')

Also sneak peak next book I'm making gonna be good, trust, but anyway, thank y'all SO much for getting me this far, for getting, *us* this far, and I'm not gonna get poetic since imma save my last remaining braincells for writing, but guys, I PROMISE I will finish this book and thanks to my supporters including:

@IM-GOING-INSANE-AGH, Jack Brockett and many others thanks guys :)

Stay safe, keep yourself healthy and drink toast :D -frostbite_2013

Chapter 14 Confrontation

"Ohhhh shi-"

"WHY ARE YOU IN MY HOUSE?!?" America snarled, this wasn't America, and why was he acting so... Aggressive?

Russia froze, his brain had just drawn a blank, WHY COULDNT HE REMEMBER?!

"WELL?!" America snapped, continuing to point his gun a Russia,

"Ah, uhh well you see, my curiosity called for answers since you um.. seemed to be a bit off lately-"

America's facade faltered for a moment, his face flashed, just for a moment, a hint of nervousness, before returning to his fierce bravado, it was just a quick hint of nervousness but it was enough, Russia had noticed it.

"You seem... Nervous America." Russia said in a cold tone, with no hint of his earlier anxiety

America furrowed his brows further, trying not to show his discomfort, despite having a gun, Russia had the upper hand of *intimidation.*

Russia took a step forward a determined look on his face, one that meant "ill find out what your hiding"

America raised his gun "S-Stay back!" he said his voice rising, Russia stopped progressing, Russia wouldn't push *too* many buttons, at least.. not **right now**

---------- America's POV earlier that day ----------

America was having an argument with CPR

"Dude can you stop doing those HORRIBLE migraines their starting to piss me off"

"Well if you would just follow what I would say *maybe* I would leave you alone, though it seems you're more "confident" today"

"Oh sure be sarcastic about it, and, as if I would follow you- OW DUDE STOP WITH THE MIGRAINES" America heard CPR laugh before he fell silent

"What a bastard...." America mumbled to himself, he decided he would take a nap, he had had enough of today anyway, America laid down and closed his eye, and drifting into sleep...

"**WAKE UP YOU SNOB NOSED GORILLA PIECE OF CRAP SOMEONE ELSE IS IN THE HOUSE!!!!!!"**

America jolted awake as CPR screamed in his head, he didn't think CPR had the capability of being helpful or alert

"Wow your *actually* capable of being helpful if this isnt some stupid joke your pulling on me."

"Shut up! I heard someone, go check you smooth brain"
America reluctantly got up, grabbed the gun on his drawer and peered around the corner, he saw *Russia.* America sprung into action, he cocked his gun and pointed it in Russia's direction.

---------- Back to Russia's POV ----------

Russia could see that America wasn't as confident as he was before, was he nervous Russia would find something out, or faking his nervousness to see how much Russia knew. Russia sighed I his head, he was overthinking it WAY to much.

"Answer my question, *why* are you here and don't give me a crappy excuse." America said, steadying his voice as to try and not sound so

mentally unstable.

"Well as I told you my curiosity got the best of me so-"

"OH JUST CUT TO THE CHASE ALREADY." America yelled impatiently

"So impatient..." Russia muttered under his breath "Ok..." (takes deep breath) "I wanted to find out what was behind your glasses because you seemed to have been acting weird, when I lifted you up by the neck for insulting me I saw a shadow behind your.. *contacts*." saying contacts left a weird taste in Russia's mouth, as if saying a conspiracy theory that everyone denied but he was proven right.

America paused, his fierce expression faltering for a moment, replaced with... confusion? Stress? Russia couldn't tell. But just as soon as the bravado came off it came back on.

"Well if I did in fact have something behind these glasses, why would I tell *you*, you're the one who almost killed me numerous times *just* for setting you off" America takes a step forward "You're the one who humiliated me in front of *dozens* of people." Another step, "You're the one whose INSIDE my house, trying to get a secret out of me that a possibly don't even *have*." Another step.

Russia was slowly being cornered " Woah.. uh calm down down America, you're going a bit far-"

"*YOU'RE* THE ONE WHOSE GOING A *BIT FAR,* YOU'RE THE ONE WHOSE *LITERALLY INSIDE* MY HOUSE." Another step, Russia could visibly see America's hand tighten around the gun.

Russia jerked back at that response, he wasn't used to America being this *aggressive,* certainly not to Russia. Something happened to America, a realization, a *thought* that might have set him off. Russia, whilst coming up with conspiracy theory's was also looking for a way out of this situation.

And then Russia blurted something out.

"Why are you so desperate about something about your eyes and reputation? Its not like they were worth anything in the first place."

Peppa pig narrator voice Russia felt incredible stupid, he knew he had messed up a significant amount

America *slowly* lowered his gun, expression unreadable, but Russia knew it was about to get a whole heck of a lot worse.

America laughed dryly with no humor at all, when he looked up to face Russia, his eyes had a gleam in them that meant 'you'll regret that'

"Yeahhhhhh I think I'll leave now, I'll find out secrets later," Russia said slowly backing towards the door

and with absolutely NO warning, America lunged towards Russia, snarling "I HATE YOU RUSSIA."

Russia ducked inches away from America's fists, America went crashing into the door, his body slamming heavily into the door with a loud **THUD.**

Russia sprinted towards the front door, not even looking back, he could hear America's enraged voice shouting "I SWEAR IM GOING TO BEAT YOUR A-." And Russia was out the door, not hearing the rest but could guess on what America was saying.

Russia sprinted from the house, not daring to even look back, he continued running, and when he *finally* got to his car, he was out.of.breath

"That was a close call..." Russia paused "That-that was TOO close." Russia sat in his car for a couple more minutes, he was still catching his breath, eventually, he started his car and drove off, allegedly to plan how to get America's glasses off.

Because, despite him almost getting killed, beaten up, and interrogated, we and America should know by now that,

Russia never learns

WHEW, ok sorry- I FINALLY finished the chapter :D sorry I took

so long- between school and personal things that sort of the main thing that kept me from doing this (defiantly not more procrastinating---) And I just want to tell you all... THANKS!!! You all are amazing! also btw I might be doing a QnA so put some questions down below!!! But I'm happy I finally done w/ this chapter and I hope you enjoy/enjoyed it have a nice day/ night!

-Frostbite_13

words: 1083

Chapter 15 Paranoia,thoughts and CPR suspicions

Ok before we start- HOW THE HECK DID I GET TO 517 LIKES?!? thx y'all!!! This one is mainly going to be centered around America and CPR cough Lore cough, and after that I'm going to do a whole bunch of others things QNA IS OPEN so ask me questions pls :) (nothing personal though)

ill answer questions about the black eye head cannon, ask the characters questions and you can ask about the upcoming books :) but anyway THANK YOU so much or getting me this far enjoy the chapter!!!!

After what happened with Russia... America had gotten paranoid,

VERY paranoid, he knew that Russia had just been trying to get secrets out of him, possibly ruin his reputation that that everyone that ever knew America would have doubts about him and question everything that he told them, and possibly he would slowly lose everyone he ever knew and loved to the point where it would drive him insane and slowly make him regret every one of his last life choices-

but that was just a thought

a mere possibility

nothing that could actually come true

(right?...)

That probably would never happen (partial foreshadowing)

"Why are you so confident in that? That NONE of this will happen?"

America paused, processing the words, it was just that stupid ahh voice in his head,

CPR (or whatever the crap he was supposed to be called wink wink)

"Shut the crap up CPR, you don't know what your saying."

America could legitimately sense CPR raising an eyebrow

"Right, right keep telling yourself that you crappy, gun loving git."

(YALL WHILE I WAS WRITING THIS I SAW I GOT 555 READS WTH YALL THANK YOU!-)

America just rolled his eyes, he decided he would just ignore CPR for once. And just as America thought CPR had finally realized he had been ignored-

"NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP ,NEVER GONNA LET YOU DOWN, NEVER GONNA RUNNNNNN AROUNDDDD AND

DESERT YOUUUUUU, NEVER GONNA MAKE YOU CRYYYYYYYYYYY, NEVER GONNA SAYYYYYY GOODBYEEEEEEEEE, NEVER GONNA TELL A LIEEEE AND HURT YOUUUU."

America groaned, letting out a long suffering sigh, how *long* was this going to go on for?...

(here's a hint- for quite a while >:))

Russia/Vodka inhaler POV

After what had almost been an incredibly if not already awkward experience, Russia had started to become *curious* again, which is never a good sign-

Russia was becoming desperate, he had been wondering the same thing for weeks and weeks and weeks now

What were behind those glasses?

I mean- he knew it had been just a *little bit* to extreme to break into Americas house but- He had been impatient, reckless, dare I say- *shortsighted*

Russia sighed, he had gotten tunnel vision, and he hadn't thought logically, so that's what he would do now, no more break in's , irrational thinking, or Throwing-America-against-the-wall-to-get-his-vodka-back ways of doing things. He was going to do things

The Russian way

(whatever that means)

patient, persistent and observant

(oh ok-)

Canada/ syrup addict POV

Canada hadn't thought of paying America a visit not after **THE YELLING** (du du doooooooooooooooooooo) (btw **THE YELLING** ,

happened off screen/off book, it was like a fight on text which you KNOW involved yelling- btw I chose to make another argument between the two because the original one I made was just pure cringe-)

(authors note: MERRY CHRISTMAS YOU BEAUTIFUL BASTARDS YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST, THX FOR FRICKING 627 READS!!! HOPE YALL HAVE A GOOD ONE- dec-25-2025)

But then again why should Canada check on America? Its not like America was having an existential crisis that will cause others to suspect things with Russia doing insane things to find out America's secret that will affect others around them, and its not like that will cause America to slowly go insane with the constant voices in his head that will cause him to do irrational things- right?

Canada paused- why was he thinking about this and how did he know this much?...

Eh, its probably just his over active imagination and definitely not knowledge granted to him by some random fanfic writer-

ANYWAY

Canada heard a knock, slow, soft and deliberate, as if someone didn't or maybe even hoped they wouldn't be heard

"eh? Oh uh Yes ,who is it?" Canada called, and a voice a *familiar* voice answered back "Uh- its me Canada, America." Canada tensed a little , "speak of the devil." he said under his breath, "*sigh* you can come in brother." Canada heard the door open, and slow cautious footsteps followed.

And then there- standing in the doorway was... America, holding a... gift?

"Look... I'm sorry ok, I didn't mean what I said in the texts, I had just snapped in the moment y'know? I brought a piece offering." America said with something resembling exhaustion in his voice.

Canada glared at America,arms crossed (even though he was Canada he could still be "Not-nice" when he doesn't want to be.

"America, I forgive you, and look, I love you as my brother but I want to know, *why* were you frustrated, give me a real answer, not one of your crappy excuses."

America sighed "it just... I've just been tired lately having been getting too much sleep with work and the meetings, and as you know I don't do well on to little sleep." America said

Canada glared a little longer, unsure if he was telling the truth, before his gaze softened, and his eyes looked at the present that America was holding. "And what exactly is in there?" Canada said, a hint of amusement in his tone.

Thats when America smirked, "Open it, and you'll see, your going to absolutely *love* it."

Canada looked wearily at America before taking the small box and opening it. Inside there was a pack of maple syrup, and... a stress ball saying six seven on the front of it, with the fine print saying: "throw at America because of the cursed meme on the front." and so Canada obeyed, yeeting the ball directly into America's face

America stood there, looked down at the ball at his feet at which Canada had just thrown, then back up at Canada, then, with a slow smirk spreading on his face, said-

"SIX SEVENNNNNN---"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO---" Canada screeched just as the front door SLAMMED open- revealing Australia and New Zealand

Australia: Mate what the heck is going on?-

NZ and Australia took in the scene before them:

Canada screeching in despair, and America screaming "SIX SEVEN" at the top of his lungs. Australia and NZ *slowly* took out around 200 more stress balls ready to aim then at America.

America POV after the chaos

America stumbled into his house, covered in stress ball marks with

a couple of stress balls sticking to his clothes, his earlier laughter playing stress-ball-dodge ball had died down, leaving just exhaustion, he flopped onto the couch, falling asleep in 2 seconds flat.

In America's dream...

America was floating aimlessly in that same cold, dark empty box , but this time there was a figure dark and grinning, teeth glinting from a light source unable to be found.

"**Helloooo America~ its *me*.**"

That voice sound like CPR, no, that *was* CPR, but... this time he could actually see him and he looked... *familiar*

"is that?-"

HA! Looks like your going to be left on a ✧*cliffhanger*✧ don't worry tho ima write more decent chapters and I *hopefully* wont take as long on chapters, y'all this is the finally stretch around 5 more chapters! Can you all believe we made it this far? I've gotten better at my story telling and Grammer thankfully, also dont worry I'm going to be making many more books after this one and even a potential book two to this one if I get a story line lol- anyways, QnA is open so please ask some questions! You can ask the characters questions (nothing revealing the upcoming chapters of course) or you can ask me questions! Merry Christmas and have a Good Day/ Night!

-Frostbite_2013

words: 1291

Chapter 16 The truth and some potential trust issues

[image]

(Hi! Authors note- I'm going to try and have fun on this chapter since recently I, 1: haven't had the time and 2: haven't been enjoying writing as much so I might add some extra lore and information about characters and others things , and I might just make some drawings and add memes to some of the chapters, so uh-- enjoy!)

America woke with a start, what had that been? Who was that? Could that have been?.. no, it couldn't have been, he died years ago. But then?... why did that figures voice sound so familiar? America shook his head, trying not to dwell on the subject. He had a meeting to get to and that was the least of his concerns. (right?...)

America shook his head, trying to get rid of the lingering unease

America got up off the couch and started to get dressed, he wore clothes of his usual attire, a black NATO shirt and black hoodie, nothing special, he packed his meeting clothes In a small duffel bag which DEFINITELY didn't make America look like a drug dealer--

he sighed, he did NOT, want to go to tomorrow's meeting, but he had no choice.

America paused, where was CPR? He usually was around the corner of his mind, whispering profanity's or something- - Its not Like America WANTED him back, heck no, he'd take the silence over that mfer anytime, but it was strange , why was CPR being so quie---

"AH SH!T I FINALLY GOT AWAY FROM HER AND THAT HORRIBLE ROOM--- Oh- hi :D"

America paused utterly baffled and confused asked "What are you talking about--"

"Shhhh, nothing ,America, just some random lady saying "little do you know I'm American" and then she sent me to the nine realms of hell-- Nothing to concern yourself about."

America just stared at the blank wall, 'Wtf was CPR getting into?...' America thought

" *Anyway,* I would mentally torment you until you questioned reality itself and make you regret your life choices like Caseoh when he runs a marathon-- But I have things to do, so enjoy your pitiful and universally insignificant day~."

America just kept staring at the wall, "What. TF. Is Going. On." America shook his head and forced himself to focus, he was NOT going to have an existential crisis right now!

America dusted himself off, pushing the whole situation that had just happened OUT of his mind.

(later also authors note-- at this point its like 8:38 pm rn for me- and I just got back from prayer night at ma BOOTIFUL church, so idk why but Im rilly happy :DDD)

America had boarded the flight, he slumped into his seat exhaustion settling in, he was NOT excited for tomorrows meeting, and certainly not the attention that I would come with it. America started to drift off to sleep, he figured he should sleep (FOR ONCE)

instead of putting al his energy into worrying)

America a jolted awake by the plane landing, quite *ungracefully* , America rubbed his eyes, he... didn't feel as tired, he felt kind of rejuvenated. America got up, with a slight bounce to his step, maybe the meeting wouldn't be so bad after all...

***"America~* you're underestimating what could and is going to happen. You know things probably *will* go downhill, right?"**

America, sighed sharply when he heard CPR's voice, that stupid ahh guy is so annoying... He shook his head, trying to clear his mind of any unwanted thoughts. He was going to get through the day... and hopefully not make his situation worse...

----------Later----------(cause I'm lazy lol)

America walked into the hotel room, remembering the last time he had been here

Russia

Vodka

Wall

Neck

Blood

America shook his head, that was in the past, his throat had healed, he was *kind of* fine now. He flopped onto the bed, sighing with exhaustion, tomorrow was going to be a loooong day.

his face absentmindedly moved to his face, the cracks were gone, they had healed. But... Why had they been there in the first place? Was it because of the stress that had come upon him recently with all the stuff that had happened, or was it that crappy voice in his head that had caused it? America sighed, he should get some sleep,

dwelling on things that didn't have answers wouldn't be worth his time. So he should get some sleep, and rest up for what may lay ahead tomorrow.

----------The next dayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy----------

America woke up, he felt.. strangely on edge, (more then he usually felt anyway) he sensed something either:

A: literally nothing will happen and its just his normal parnoia

or

B: his senses are right and intense interrogation will probably happen about the potential secrets he has.(**foreshadowing**~~~)

America groaned, why was he **like this???** He rubbed his head, a slight headache forming behind his eyes. He sighed, time to get ready.

----------the next day----------

America was dressed in that familiar white suit and black tie. He strode out his house and locked the door behind him... After grabbing a taxi, and tipping the driver, he finally arrived at the meeting place. It felt.. *wrong,* wrong in a that made his stomach twist into a knot. He opened the door to the place hesitantly, being met with-

Silence

Darkness

and none of the usual chaos that came with meetings. There were only two people. Sitting in chairs, still, unmovin

U.N.

and...

Russia

Russia had a look on his face that was somehow dead serious and dead smug. U.N.'s face was blank, which was worse if he had looked angry or at the very least irritated

America: Oh sh!t... here we go again-...

Sorry I had to leave y'all on a cliffhanger- Lol- but- there will-eventually be more chapters. I have to admit though, I'm taking a break for a while, since I've rededicated my life to Christ, I want to be able to have more time to be able to focus on my religion. I love y'all, and I know y'all (hopefully) like this crappy book, but I need to take a break, when I return I'll finish up the chapters and start a new book. You all are honestly awesome, and I'm thankful for all the support and love I've been given. I also have some personal issues as well. I'm not used to being so open but- here we are. Thank you, all of you. And as always-

have a good day/night :)

-frostbite_2013

(also context for the picture thing at the top, the reason its "Redbull gives you wings and mints give you trust issues" is a little thing a came up with when my friend found a little yellow speck in those mints, which none of us ended up eating so- yeah)

words: 1091

WHAT THE HECK--

[image]

BRO--- ITS BEEN LIKE ONLY A MONTH AND IVE GOTTEN 200 PLUS READS-- WHAT THE SIGMA GUYS--

Thank you all for so much! Here are a couple of users who really helped me though!

@IrisW3694, @Kat132025, and @IM-GOING-INSANE-AGH

you all have been such a help than you all :j

QnA is still up so if you want me to answer your random ahh questions- just ask!

thank you all for helping me get through 2025! I'm thankful for all the friends I have made through Wattpad that have helped me grow as a person :D

thx and happy new year :j

have a nice day/night!

-Frostbite_2013

WE HIT 1K !!!

[image]

CHAT-- WTF- WHY ARE YALL SO KIND TO ME :OOOOO

Honestly- when I first made this- I thought I'd only get to 50 reads-- y'all have like- *checks math* quadroubled that! Honestly- thanks, to the ppl who supported me, who encouraged me, and gave me motivation *when I was procrastinating-* So- I'll do something special for you all! The comment with the best suggestion, with how I can gift something/ do something, I'll do it! If that a comment DnD, or write a pick your adventure book. Or a QnA which no one has asked yet lol- so write your suggestions and ideas in the comments! So thank you! Have a good day/night!

Chapter 17 ~Hello, black eyes~

America stared at Russia. Who didn't look guilty in the slightest about the house incident (we don't talk about the house incident ssSHHHHHHH *mews* (sorry guys-)) .Then at UN who had no idea about that.

"HAH you are SO cooked XD"

"Shut UP CPR!" America thought. "You're NOT helping!"

"Well maybe realizing that you're absolutely cooked will help!-"

America groaned internally, that stupid voice wasn't helping ANYONE-

"America" UN said. No answer "**America**" he said a bit more firmly. Still no answer from America who was currently zoned out

"UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, LISTEN TO ME!" U.N snapped

His head jerked up to look at U.N. "Oh- uh- yes? Sorry..."

UN sighed "no need for apologies, but I need some answers. As you know, Russia and I talked. He told me about his suspicions."

Russia gave America the most Shyt eating grin imaginable. Smug AND insuffrable. America glared at him, irritated at the vodka loving country's audacity.

"And as you know this is about your **EYES** America. While I don't judge, keeping alleged secrets that could hold significance isn't tolerated. So don't lie to me about anything" The exasperated country stated

America crossed his arms, leaning back slightly in his chair to appear casual.

"And why exactly do you think I'm hiding ANYTHING. Or lying to you? You know as well as anybody else that Russia's so called information is just conspiracy theorys." America said glancing at Russia, who was now the one glaring at him.

"UN , Comrade, you know how much America lies? Da? Plus, I gave you solid data. And America, you thick headed burger addict, my information is NOT just conspiracy theorys!"

The two glared at each other, tension evidently there.

"Well- in that case, if you want to say that your information ISNT conspiracy theorys- then you should look at your own methods of GETTING IT--" Americas sentence was cut short by a hand slapping over his mouth.

"Shut UP!" Russia hissed at America

UN raised his eyebrow.

"Freaking stop that Russia!" America squawked, rubbing his face, where Russias hand had slapped him on the mouth.

"Well then stop provoking me, and stealing my vodka bottles!!" Russia shot back

UN raised a hand. Both fell silent.

"Russia what exactly do you mean that Americas been stealing from you?"

"well you see-" Russia started

"WELL TO GET HIS SO CALLED INFORMATION HE BROKE INTO MY HOUSE!!!" America screeched

UN froze. And he *Slowly* turned to look at Russia with THIS expression on his face:

[image]

UN rn-:

" *w h a t ? "* UN's voice was icy

Russia laughed nervously, and Russia was NEVER nervous.

"I have no idea what he's talking about UN, you KNOW I would never go that far-"

"Be QUIET Russia, I want to hear both sides." UN snapped, using *that* sharp tone which he used when he was irritated and exasperated at ANY countries excuses.

"America you first, since you have the biggest claim." UN sighed

America inhaled and began his story

"Alright, well you see... this all began around one month ago, I guess Russia had gotten suspicious about my conta- I mean eyes, because from there he pushed for more information, that he didn't receive of course." America paused, stopping to glare at Russia "And of course this dumb communist doesn't take no for an answer. So he tried intimidation, threatening, violence, and finally, breaking into my house." America said "and yes, while I DID steal his vodka, I had only learned AFTER he fricking choked me out that I learned that one of the bottles was given by his father, USSR."

America sighed, a weary one. "And while I do admire your determination, that doesn't mean you can harass me. So Russia I'm going to say again, I have NO secrets."

UN and Russia both listened, Russia for the first time in who knows

when, didn't look proud of his actions, possibly a little guilty

"Alright now you Russia, if you have anything to defend yourself with of course, or at least have anything to explain your suspicions or actions, speak now." UN told Russia

Russia nodded.

"Well you see, I never *exactly* meant to go overboard with this but I have my reasons." Russia paused, then he continued "As you know countries with black eyes have always caused chaos, destruction, suffering and *death."* (inhale) "Countries such as The Third Reich, The Japanese Empire, Fascist Italy and many other examples. And what did they have in common?"

"Black eyes..." UN finished for Russia. UN was now deep in thought

America sat there awkwardly, unsure on what to do, UN had gone from ticked off to cold thoughtfulness with a hint of curious observation, he stared at America.

"*So*, America, is there ANYTHING you need to tell us? And while I already knew about this, it does highlight some of your strange behavior, like how you had smashed your head on the table--."

"HA HA- we are not talking about that." Pause from America "Can I leave... *please?*"

Wow.. America NEVER said please-

UN thought, and paused then he answered

"Fine, since it *is* quite late, but tomorrow we're talking." UN turns to Russia "*and YOU*," he says voice sharper then a blade, "we are going to talk about your little break in."

America sighs with relief standing from his chair, stretching slightly before walking off. He glanced behind him, watching as UN glares at Russia, ticked off at the Communist.

America strides outside, looking up at the night sky, watching the stars shimmer above him, the night was cool, the breeze nice on his

skin. He walked back to the hotel in which he was staying at.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~""Later that night""~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

America lay in his bed, deep inside his own mind, thinking about that experience, and how much had almost or rather was about to be, exposed. He closed his eyes, and sleep soon took him, he looked peaceful, oblivious , as all of us look like, but this time-

He was oblivious to the impending hell that was about to go on in his head.

<-.-. ... .- / .-- .- ... / -. . ...- . .-. / -- . .- -. - / - --- / -... . / -.. . .- -..>

Oh MY GOSH- Vro I never meant to take such a long break ._. I honestly procrastinate too much- Anyways QNA is still open if you have any questions you want to ask me or any questions about this AU then that's open! Im honestly kinda happy this books ending to finally put a close to this story I've had in my head for so long. But don't worry I'm still going to be writing!! I have many other ideas and I'll make references to this book occasionally in my new ones. There's going to be three more chapters. But uh- YEA! Im happy I finally finished this chapter.

A lot of thanks to-

@IrisW3694 ! @Kitquin1 ! @Sadiegirl5 !

thx! Hope you all have a good day/night!

-frostbite_2013/ Whos_Quaser

words: 1131
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Guys.. um sorry for being away for so long ._. (not a chapter)

Um.. yea... I know sorry ive been away for a while- good thing is- I'ma start writing more, so uh- yeah! Guys QnA is open, so any questions (not personal ofc) shall be answered!

Ima try to finish my book and start a new one in the year so yay! Btw if you guys have any ideas for future books- hit me. Also- sorry if ur mad that I've been gone- I know that a lot of you probably want to see the ending of this book- my original plan was 20 chapter but the last one might just end up being the epilogue. But idk rn.

so yeah!

Hope you guys have a blessed day :D

-Frostbite2013

Chapter 18 Not just a voice

On the outside, America appeared to be sleeping. But internally? He was in that horrible, horrible cold black box. He blinked, his eyes adjusting to the darkness. He reached out, trying to find the walls that usually made it feel so claustrophobic, but none were there, only empty darkness which was somehow worse.

He had this strange knot in his stomach, as if everything was about to go downhill from here. And it probably was. He was still floating in the dark, overthinking everything as per usual, when he heard a voice.

"America! My overly paranoid and hot head of a brother! How glad am I to talk to you :)"

America paused, this was CPRs voice- wait- did he just call America, BROTHER?!

"Hold on- your real name isn't CPR isn't it? Is it you? CSA?..." he asked, a hint of, not fear, but wariness.

The voice seemed to pause. **"My GOD America, it took YOU, one of the best (and worst) at solving crimes, A MONTH to only JUST realize I was your brother????? YOU DIDNT EVEN RECOGNIZE MY VOICE?!?"** For once, CPR, or rather- CSA, sounded surprised, exasperated and- enraged? All at once.

America groaned, of *course* it was CSA who had been doing this to him the entire time. He stared at the darkness awkwardly as the void continued to rant. Some stuff about "All this time" and "im your freaking brother, how did you forget my voice?!"

"Well I mean- it has been over-" pause "one hundred sixty one years" ((yall imagine when it'll be SIXTY SEVEN HA HA HA- sorry I'll stop-)

"*sigh* Never mind, as you know, I'm not exactly who you thought I was, I'm CSA, to confirm your suspicions." then almost absentmindedly **"Your not as mad as I thought you would be though." CSA said thoughtfully**

"Yeah, well I just went to a meeting almost exposing my black eyes, and Russia breaking into my house, we discussed this...at 10:00 pm. So I doubt I'd have the energy, even now, to be mad."

pause

"Alright- Touché" CSA said, having calmed down.

"Wait- so- Since your old name was CPR... did it actually mean Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation?"- America had started

"IT DID NOT MEAN CARDIOPULMONARY RESUSCITATION- STOP SAYING THAT! *frustrated exhale* Anyway, I have a

proposal, tomorrow night, we have a duel, a fight whatever you want to call it."

"So- Pirates of the Caribbean style?" America said in an oddly hopeful voice he hasn't had in literal decades.

" . . . are you kidding me right now?... You know what? Tomorrow night, we'll fight, whoever loses , loses a kidney and stays in the mind of the other. See you there."

"wait- I never agreed to this!!" America shouted into the dark. But it was hopeless, CSA was already gone

America was left floating there. Alone. Once again. Also what the heck did he mean "loses a kidney?..." Countries didn't even use the restroom- His vision started to fade, slowly drifting off into dreamless sleep. He was soon consumed by darkness

(well uh- America's cooked- (clears throat) ISNT HE LOVELYYYYYY, ISNT HE WONDERFULLLLL-)

-------The next day----------

America soon woke up, groaning while rubbing the side of his head. He had a meeting AND he had to deal with the cursed logic of his brother.

He exhaled, how was he supposed to come up with an excuse during the meeting between him and UN (and possibly Russia)? Russia had more ammo than he did. And its not like he can deflect it saying stuff like "well black eyes hasn't been seen in literal *decades*" or any other weak excuse. UN probably was calculating all the information Russia gave him. Suddenly, America had a small flicker of hope. Maybe UN was so mad at Russia that he wont believe anything Russia says?....

"Not a chance, Russia gave enough details, to prove that whatever he was saying WASNT just conspiracy-" CSA had chimed in.

"SHUT UP CSA YOUR NOT PART OF THIS CONVERSATION!" America yelled in his head

"You're talking to *yourself*-" He protested

"Qui-ET"

"D4mn- sorry- I'll shut up."

America shook his head, already irritated. CSA had actually given *useful* advice for once. And that annoyed America. Because that would mean that America didn't stand even a *little bit* of a chance against Russia's logic and information.

. . .

not that he exactly had a chance anyway

America sighed wearily, already feeling exhausted despite having just woken up. This day was going to be absolute *crap* and America knew it.

----------After procrastinating for a couple hours before he HAD to go to the meeting---------

America sat in a chair across from UN, with Russia sitting beside America.

UN looked at them both before speaking "Alright. Thank you America, I appreciate that you're here. I researched and I found that Russia was right, all the past countries that were inherently evil or had a corrupted system or government have/had black eyes." he paused before continuing "Im not accusing you of having black eyes but... If Russia is correct and you do, then I'll need you to be honest with me." UN said, voice oddly calm compared to the icy tone he had used with Russia. (*icy tone*, Russia, get it?-)

America took a deep breath. What was there to lose? He had to fight his brother, and if he lost? Then there wouldn't exactly be an America anymore

So America thought for a second on how he would explain. That he had originally had white eyes, but as the decades progressed, his eyes grew darker. Until... They turned black. That's why he wore shades and contacts.

But instead he stared at UN and Russia

Why would *they* understand. UN sure. He wouldn't judge he would listen, give his insight. But Russia? Russia was unpredictable, unreliable on his reactions. He didn't know what the vodka hoarder would say, look or act like

So America did what he did best (or worst ig???)

lie

and run away

America stood up quickly, and sprinted so quickly out the door he almost tripped over his own feet. He ran as quick as he could, he knew he would be in *tro-ble*, and he needed to the the HECK out of there.

"AMERICA!!!! COME BACK!!!" UN's voice was heard. But it soon grew faint. It wasnt important anymore. All he had to do was get home and deal with his dumb decisions later.

He entered his hotel room, exhausted from running. He crossed the room before flopping onto his bed. Tired as HECK. And soon? Sleep took him.

Having totally forgotten about the deal he made with CSA

Woah!!! Another chapter made in less then a month???? My goodness-

(ehem) anyway- i just want to say i hope that this chapter wasnt rushed, and gave some more insight into the lore besides the other chapter. there only TWO CHAPTERS left before i finish this book! Where has the time gone??? I rememeber when i started this dumb fanfic i didnt expect it to get over 1k read!!!! Im so glad ive gotten to the point i have! I hope you all are doing well! And thank you! To ALL of you for making this happen.

I hope you guys have a great day/night!

Frostbite_2013

words: 1177